

KNEW SHE WAS GONE...

YOU HAVEN'T
OPENED YOUR
PRESENT.




I'M SURE IT'S UNGODLY
EXPENSIVE, EXQUISITELY VULGAR,
AND THOUGHTFULLY PICKED
OUT BY AN ASSISTANT, SO OF
COURSE I'M DELIRIOUS
WITH JOY.

TELL ME
ABOUT THE
RAID.

NOT MUCH TO TELL. I WAS
TRYING TO *RETRIEVE* OUR
DAUGHTER THAT FOR SOME
REASON WHILE SHE WAS UNDER
YOUR CARE, RAN AWAY...

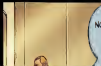
AND



ANYWAY,
ENOUGH RUDE TALK OF
THE DEAD. A TOAST. TO US,
FRANCESCA, AND OUR
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
BLISS...



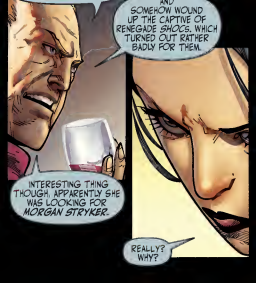
IT'S QUITE ALL
RIGHT, FRANCESCA.
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE
HOW MUCH MORE
TIME CONSUMING
THAT ENDEAVOR
HAS BECOME OVER
THE YEARS.



THINK
NOTHING OF IT.
NO AMOUNT OF EFFORT
IS TOO GREAT IF IT
MEANS *PLEASING* MY
OH-SO-CHARMING
HUSBAND.

*...WHY YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR
MORGAN
STRYKER.*

CYBER FORCE



AND
SOMEHOW WOUND
UP THE CAPTIVE OF
RENEGADE SHOCKS. WHICH
TURNED OUT RATHER
BADLY FOR THEM.

INTERESTING THING
THOUGH, APPARENTLY SHE
WAS LOOKING FOR
MORGAN STRYKER.

REALLY?
WHY?



AWW, JESUS. HERE
WE GO WITH THE EFFIN'
DOG AGAIN. C'MON,
ROBERT. THIS STORY
MAKES FARTING

THAT'S NOT THE
ONLY THING --

QUIET...

GET...

BOOOOO







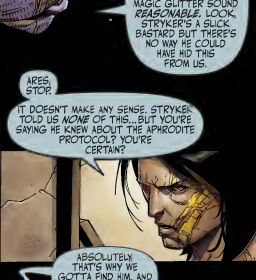
I'M NOT
MAKING IT
UP.

ROBERT, YOU'RE
NOT BUYING INTO
ANY OF THIS, ARE
YOU?



ARES,
PLEASE.

SO YOU'RE
SAYING THAT CDI
USES COMPUTERS
TO INFLUENCE THE
COURSE OF
MANKIND?



MAGIC GLITTER SOUND
REASONABLE. LOOK,
STRYKER'S A SLICK
BASTARD BUT THERE'S
NO WAY HE COULD
HAVE HID THIS
FROM US.

ARES,
STOP.

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. STRYKER
TOLD US *NONE* OF THIS... BUT YOU'RE
SAYING HE KNEW ABOUT THE APHRODITE
PROTOCOL? YOU'RE
CERTAIN?

ABSOLUTELY.
THAT'S WHY WE
GOTTA FIND HIM. AND



ONLY THREE
BOTTLES LEFT IN
THE ENTIRE WORLD. I
NEED TO CHOOSE MY
OCCASIONS MORE
CAREFULLY.

THANK YOU, MARIA.
I'LL RING IF WE NEED
ANYTHING.

DARLING, YOU
HAVEN'T UTTERED TWO
WORDS ALL EVENING. THERE WAS A
TIME WHEN YOU USED TO TALK
INCESSANTLY.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL
ME YOU WERE SENDING
YOUR PET *PSYCHOPATH*
DOLOROSSA AFTER OUR
DAUGHTER?

I DIDN'T WANT TO
TROUBLE YOU, DEAR. MY
INTENT WAS TO HAVE HER
HOME BEFORE YOU EVEN
KNEW SHE WAS GONE.

SHIK
SHIK

SHIT! BASKEY
AND CROWE ARE
DOWN!

AAAKGH!





WATCH
THOSE BLADES!
HRRRGH!

WORKS.

DAMN IT!
TAGGART, HE'S
BEHIND YOU -
LURK!

ALAM ALAM

EEEEAAAGH!

"HAPPY ANNIVERSARY,
MY DEAR."



WHAT
A LOAD OF
HORSESHIT!



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MASTER SUITE,
SIR, TAKING HER
BATH.

TYPICAL. TELL
HER TO HURRY UP. I
NEED TO GET BACK
TO THE OFFICE.


OF COURSE,
SIR. OH, AND HER
PRESENT IS
WRAPPED AND ON
THE TABLE.



DARLING,
YOU'RE HOME.
SORRY TO KEEP
YOU WAITING BUT I
WANTED TO MAKE
MYSELF BEAUTIFUL
FOR YOU ON
OUR SPECIAL
EVENING.

A close-up, high-contrast illustration of a man's face, likely from a comic book. He has a serious, almost stern expression, with deep-set eyes and a slightly furrowed brow. His skin is a warm, golden-brown tone. The lighting is dramatic, coming from the side, casting shadows that emphasize his features. He is looking slightly downwards and to the right.

ACTUALLY, I WAS
HOPING YOU COULD
TELL ME.

A close-up illustration of a woman's face, shown in profile from the nose up. She has dark, expressive eyes and dark hair. She is looking towards the left, where the man is. Her expression is somewhat weary or dismissive. She is holding a glass of red wine in her hand, which is visible at the bottom of the frame. The background is a solid, light yellow color.

WHY WOULD I KNOW?
THE MAN IS LONG DEAD
AND LONG PAST ANY
CONCERN OF MINE.

OF
COURSE...



AND THIS
PROTOCOL
IS ABOUT
DESTROYING
IT?

YEAH, AND THEY
EVEN KNOW THE
DATE WHEN IT ALL
GOES DOWN!

ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT AN AMAZING *FUTURE*
FULL OF JET PACKS AND FLYING CARS THEY'VE
BEEN SELLING PEOPLE IS JUST A
BUNCH OF CRAP.

ALL THEY
REALLY WANNA
DO IS KILL



WHERE'S
MY WIFE?



I BELIEVE
SHE'S IN THE



Marc Silvestri

Creator, Co-Writer,
Character Design, Art Director

Khoi Pham

Penciller

Sunny Gho

Colorist

Stjepan Sejic

Final Art Polish

Matt Hawkins

Co-Writer

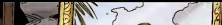
Sal Regla &

Khoi Pham

Inkers

Troy Peteri

Letterer









WELCOME
HOME, SIR. I
TRUST YOUR
DAY WAS A
PLEASANT
ONE?



MY... DOG
TOLD ME.

HE ALSO TOLD ME THAT SOMETHING GOT MESSED
UP IN THE CALCULATIONS A WHILE AGO AND CDI IS
GOING TO DO SOMETHING TERRIBLE TO FIX IT. A
LOT OF PEOPLE ARE GONNA DIE IN LIKE A
COUPLE OF DAYS--



OTHER TWO, JUST LEAVE
ENOUGH TISSUE TO
IDENTIFY THEM.



ARE GOING

